

FOR THE LOVE FOR METAPHORS

Talking about the weather.

Yes, it is exhausting.

It's exhaustingly *hot*. For all of us.

If complaining, small-talking about the weather is not a filler for the content of the conversation, what is it?

It can be considered a methodology that exists to bring us to the juncture of relatability.

It functions as a check – to determine whether we live in the same reality or not.

A point of departure.

Now, we are *warmed up*; now we know that we belong to the same reality.

The same reality in terms of the experience we share as bodies in space.

We can continue our conversation.

A human is a sensory being.

Each experience we have is conditioned and constructed by our perception, concurrently becoming a part of our inner systems of interpretation and cognition.

There would be no science, no theory, no religion without senses that challenged their own ontology and developed thought further into the intricate nets of knowledge that we share today.

The tendency to understand is a human ability and our strongest asset.

The time that we live in tends to stabilize and monotonize our realities, dehumanizing us with the weapon of normativity.

With the imposed rationality dismissing our sensory capacities, and through that diminishing our subjectivities.

Globalization, trends, mainstream culture all work for uniformity.

And at this point it is necessary to mention: Uniformity has nothing to do with equality.

Equality is difference. Uniformity is sameness.

Normality has escaped our hands. We are no longer constructing it; we are its mere consumers.

(Almost) convinced that we have the agency, our own will that we are exercising, we are enslaved into believing that we are given our own choices on how to live and interpret reality.

We believe it, until we get beaten for not fitting in the prescribed interpretation of reality, that is taken as a principle, a rule we must have followed, but failed to do so.

Sorry not sorry.

Reality itself calls for its questioning, understanding, living, questioning, collapsing, questioning, constructing – in a loop, that occurs in individuals (and communities) over time.

The natural state of being – change is the only constant.
Admitting that sometimes change takes *forever*.

Are we here talking about revolution?

The struggle for (subjective) interpretation of reality thrives.

Communicating our own perspectives and interpretations of reality, or we could call it “post-production of experience” mainly roams in the sphere of language in the mainstream of our contemporaneity.

Language is our tool to communicate the internal, the sensory to others, but the criteria for relatability is rather loose and miscomprehension is common.

(“Even though I say I am angry, you might understand anger differently and therefore relate to me in a shallow, superficial way.”)

The use of (literal) language when transmitting our individual insights to others results in a uniformation of experience, otherwise inherently subjective and unique. It is (because of the superficiality of bare language and the tendency to rationalize) a subject to misinterpretation and leads us to a state of cruel loneliness.

(“Nobody will ever truly understand me.”)

At least loneliness is the state that enables us to relate to others. :(

Contemporaneity tends to uniform our realities with the use of rational, desubjectified language, following unwritten social contracts. All the same, all the mass, deprived of our uniqueness, our distinctive experience.

Empowered masses are dangerous to the systems’ construction.

We will not comply with (the level of) superficial relatability.

In our own subjectivities is where our political strength and our humanity lays.

Art is the realm of contemporaneity that enables, welcomes subjectivity, calls for perpetual interpretations of reality, allowing the construction of metaphors. Not the ones widely used, passive, unnoticeable and expected, but those that stimulate our imagination, our sensorics and call for further subjective interpretations.

Everybody could take the agency to construct metaphors, to think of reality in a metaphorical manner, but artists are the ones who struggle for it. They are their primary output, no matter the medium that they are constructed in.

To deal with reality in all of its fragmented complexity is a task that requires more than bare, literal language. To transmit ones’ sensory capacities and experiences into a form or a thought

that does not strip away the sensibility is an act of politics against the uniforming demands of flat articulation.

Artworks can be considered as metaphors for reality. We, the viewers are summoned to interpret the artwork with our own set of subjective criteria and mind, knowledge, experience. From our initial interpretation, artworks call for a response, anticipating a shift in our sensory, a shift of perspective, a change in the state.

Multiplicity.

There are as many realities (and their interpretations), as there are individuals, exercising their own mind and empowering their subjectivities. Interpretations are multiple and none of them is wrong, they come from the state of sensibility. The variety of many interconnected subjective views construct reality (*la vérité vraie*), and the hardest task is not to conform to the uniformed, unified proposition of comprehension, that is served to us by the mainstream notion of relatability.

Artists embody the emancipated subjects empathic to reality that courageously reflect their own experience and through that empower and inspire others to do the same.

By amplifying their subjective voice, the very thought of the *amplified voice* becomes a possibility. Embracing authenticity, uniqueness that resides in constant friction with the established, conventional, common, generally accepted.

By subjectively understanding an artwork, we establish a contact with a segment of reality, open up our perception to the existence of otherness, allow seeds of thought to enter our fertile cognitive ground. Through encountering other subjectivities, we might discover, admit the existence of our own and form relations with others, questioning the uniformed point of departure that we were taught and moulded in.

Reality is dystopic and our minds tend to confront it in order to regain hope.

Dismissing the rational normativity that does not allow subjective interpretation and understanding. The reality – somehow hard to orientate in, appeals on us to process it, to create metaphors in order to understand, to shape and to handle it.

Metaphors are the entry point of understanding the very multiplicity of realities that we live in. Metaphors allow otherness – that is why they are political. They do not assign fixed meaning, but are open to the myriad of possible interpretations, they empower the subjective within us, they enable variety. Art functions as the medium, a playground for metaphors, enabling subjective interpretations and expressions of reality.

Do we have to subvert to be(come) ourselves?

There is something in humans that likes disobedience, difference, the trespassing of normality.

ADDITION: HONEST META-ANALYSIS

Consider the text that you have just read above as a descriptive essay of my own position, as my love letter to subjectivity. Subjectivity that expresses itself in multiple ways, one of them being metaphors. It is obviously not a theoretical text, as it lacks reference, theoretical clarity, consistency and accuracy.

The thoughts - fragmented and transitory - are vulnerable to criticism and negation. There is something within them that wants that. Their fragile nature makes them open to change, allowing their own reconstitution, embracing the process, progression of thinking, gradual construction of systems of thought, the search for balance within intricate networks of the known. This unstable construction is continuously shaken by the constant influx of data, that the fragile process takes into consideration.

Everything that comes out of it, in a form of writing or artworks in various media, is an imprint of this precarious process of searching. When I'm writing, I'm searching, talking to myself and opening up my thought to others. I have to convince myself into believing that certain things "hold water", maybe only for a short while, allowing them to change, even after they have been written. It is not like they have been "carved into stone", they are not irreversible. As the thoughts and concepts are transitory and receptive to change, their expressions are like that as well. I believe there is no eternal truth, no stable conviction. Doubting the known.

The output that reaches the public contains a possibility to transform the maker and their position. This can only happen through feedback, sharing opinions and viewpoints, encountering otherness. By this, an internal unstable search becomes a collective act of inter-subjectivity. Thought admits its own flexible, fluid position, it allows itself to be shaped, be affected, be temporary.

This is why I find critique essential, why I love feedback, adore honesty in conversations and intensity in interactions.

I want my metaphors to fail, I want my system of interpretation to crumble into pieces. I want to repeatedly reconsider my values, my fundamentals, the basis of my knowledge. To fall again and again into the processes of stabilization, that becomes each time more advanced, departing from a point of knowledge about the process itself.

Each disruption, disturbance of the comfort in my cognitive system is a possibility to generate myself anew as a human and as an artist.

To dismiss all that has been generated. To keep the parts that keep me hydrated.

To reach a certainty even if only for a while. Change is the constant. And how beautifully painful it is to break the chain of being sure. How shifting is my emotion when I feel that I don't anymore control.

Even if the style of my writing resembles manifestos, I believe that this described transitoriness can apply to manifestative writing as well.

Manifestos are generally considered "forever", and no matter that, they perpetually lose their validity, they coagulate in time. They naturally change, update. Every text is a snapshot of thoughts at a certain moment of time and space (mental space). The world moves further, a manifesto used to be a motto, a motor that inspired change and action, activity, viability, now it is a memory of past convictions. They should be taken seriously from a position of site-specific contemporaneity, but not applied into eternal validity.

Shall we because of their transitoriness stop writing our declarations or just write more of them?
Would that make them less valid, less powerful?
Can we allow ourselves to shift from one position to a renewed one?
Click the refresh button without consequences?

What I would like to do is to make you empowered, inspired to be your strong subjective self, to be sensible to multiplicity, think with your own head, doubting words, taking them through your critical sieve, even if they are written as truths.

I want to encourage you to search and write and construct your own manifestos, which are in their essence a subjective mission, inscribed into words. By constructing them, we construct ourselves.